

second finger of the paw, under the skin, was a gold ring with engraved initials on a seal. The bear ordered him to take off the ring and put it on his own finger. After that the bear dug a hole in the ground. It looked like a grave and the man helped him. The two worked together. The man dug with his ax and the bear with his mighty claws. When the grave was ready, the bear brought a number of tree trunks and arranged a framework within the grave. Then he lay down before the man, breast upward. He roared most piteously and stretched out his paws. He wanted the man to kill him and to bury them both in the same grave. He showed likewise with his paws that he wanted to have his breast bared. The man refused at first; but the bear was so insistent, that he gave in and stabbed him with his knife. He ripped up the skin of his breast, and saw a gold crucifix fastened to a thin silver chain, finely wrought. He took this off, and then buried both bears in the same grave. The name of the male bear was engraved on the chain. They were two lovers of the merchant class who used to meet in the form of bears; but one time, for some unknown reason, they were unable to assume human form again. That is all.

Told by John Sukhomyasoff, a Russian creole, clerk of the church, in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

IV. CHILDREN'S STORIES.¹

1. STORY OF AN OLD WOMAN AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS.

An old woman had three daughters. One was Stone-Scraper, another was Scraping-Board, and the third was Whetstone. The old woman sent Stone-Scraper to the Bad Merchant. She said, "Go to him and ask him for some food." Stone-Scraper said, "I will not go." Stone-Scraper refused to go. The old woman gave her a flogging, and said to Scraping-Board, "Go to the Merchant." Scraping-Board said to Stone-Scraper, "Let us go together!" They went out, and stood for some time outside. Then they came back. They did not enter the Bad Merchant's house. They said to their mother, "The merchant was not at home." She sent Whetstone, "Go to the Merchant, ask him for some food." Whetstone went out, and also stood for some time outside. Then she went back, "Why did you come so soon?" cried the mother. "He is not at home." The old woman went herself, and said to the Merchant, "Were my girls here, have they lied to me?" He said, "They were not here." She went back and gave them a thrashing. She flogged Whetstone to death, and sent the other back to the Merchant. They went and stood at the door, without speaking. "What do you want?" said the Bad Merchant. "Go away!" So they went. They told their mother, "The Merchant drove us away." She grew angry, ran to the Merchant and reproached him with tears. "Why did you drive away my little girls?" — "They had nothing to do here," said the Merchant. "And now I will drive you away too. Be gone!" She went home. There she sat down on her bed and cried bitterly. She cried for a long time, then she jumped up and killed both her daughters. She struck them on the head with a club. After that she sat down again on the bed and cried more bitterly than before. She took her knife and stabbed herself through the heart. That is all.

Told by Annie Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl aged twelve years, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, winter of 1896.

¹ The children of Russian creoles and Russianized natives (chiefly girls) in the Kolyma country have their own stories, which they relate to one another. These stories are most simple, short, full of reiteration. They consist partly of the usual folk-tale material, and partly of the details of real life. The latter is the case with this story. It is sad to think that young girls should compose stories exhibiting such dejection of spirit; but I must say that episodes like this fully correspond to the circumstances of life of the lower people in the Kolyma country, of Russians as well as Russianized natives. On the other hand, it is possible that all these incidents of hungry children choked to death by the first morsel swallowed, old men and old women dying or killing each other, etc., represent elements of a cycle of stories more ancient than the advent of the Russian, and belonging to the Yukaghir inhabitants of the country. — W. B.

2. STORY OF KUNDARIK.

There lived an old man and an old woman. They had a little son, whose name was Kundarik.¹ One evening they made a fire in the house and noticed that somebody was sitting on the roof, close to the chimney-opening. It was Yaghishna. They were much frightened, but Yaghishna said, "Give me your boy, otherwise I shall swallow you." They ran off, leaving the boy who was sitting on the window-sill. Yaghishna called, "Kundar, where are you?"—"I am here in the house." She entered the house, but he was not there. "Kundar, where are you?"—"I am here, outside the house." She went out, and he was not there. She took the woman's scraper and the whetstone and wanted to kill him with them, but he turned into an ermine and fled. She went in pursuit, and soon overtook him. Then she said, "O my boy! I want to defecate." He answered, "Heretofore, when father wanted to defecate, I used to bring from the woods a big elk head, and we would defecate all around it." She said, "All right! bring it here." He went into the woods and brought back a stump with many roots which were sharp-pointed like so many spikes. "Here it is." She seated herself over the stump; but just then the boy pushed her over so that she fell back and was impaled on one of the roots. Then the boy ran off again, but Yaghishna followed him, stump and all, and, overtook him. Then she said, "I want to sleep." The boy answered, "When father wanted to sleep, he would dig a hole in the ground and sleep in that."—"All right! Dig a hole for me." For three days they dug the hole, the boy with his knife, and Yaghishna with her nails. The hole was deep, just like a grave. Yaghishna descended into the hole, and soon was snoring loudly. When she was fast asleep, the boy began to cut down green wood, and he threw it into the hole. In a very short time he had covered Yaghishna quite well, and she could not get out. After that he fled to his father and mother, and they continued to live together. That is all.

Told by Mary Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

3. STORY ABOUT YAGHISHNA.

There lived an old man and an old woman. They had a small girl still in her swaddling clothes. They swathed her tightly and put her upon the bed. Then they heard Yaghishna coming. They were frightened, and ran

¹ Kundarik or Kunderik (in the Anadyr), a small bird (*Acanthis exilipes*) (cf. p. 139).—W. B.

off, leaving the girl behind. Yaghishna came in shuffling over the floor, with her bristle-soled frozen boots.¹ She seized the old man and the old woman, but forgot to take the girl. Then she came back and felt with her hands on the bed. She found the girl, put her into the corner behind the chimney, and covered her with a large dish. Yaghishna kindled a large fire, then she put a cast-iron frying-pan upon the fire and said aloud, "O girl! get up!" And the girl got up. Then she said again, "Take off your swaddling clothes." And the girl did so. "Now, come here!" And the girl went to her. She slapped her upon the face, and asked her, "For what did your mother bring you forth?"—"She brought me forth to carry water for you."—"I am strong enough. I shall carry it myself." She gave her another box on the ear, and asked again, "For what did your mother bring you forth?"—"She brought me forth to chop wood for you."—"I am strong enough. I shall chop it myself." She gave her another box on the ear, and asked the same question, "For what did your mother bring you forth?"—"She brought me forth to make fire for you."—"I am strong enough. I shall make it myself."

She put out the fire in the chimney, leaving only one small spark. Then she said, "Stay here and watch this spark. If it should go out, I shall tear you in two when I get back home." She prepared to go away, and warned the girl. "Keep house and take good care of everything. You may open and visit all the storehouses. There is only one which you must not open. It is the one tied with a bark thread and sealed with excrement. This storehouse is forbidden to you." Yaghishna flew away. The girl thought, "Why should I not examine this storehouse?" She went straight to it, tore off the bark thread, and broke the excrement seal. The storehouse was filled with charmed reindeer, neither living nor dead. She led all these reindeer out of the storehouse, and tied them one after another to a long heavy line. Then she pulled in one end of the line and threw it across the river. It flew off and carried her along with it. She dragged the reindeer across, and waited for Yaghishna. In the evening Yaghishna came home, and saw the storehouse open and empty. She went to the river, but the girl was on the other side. Yaghishna asked, "You opened my storehouse?"—"I did," said the girl. "You took my reindeer?"—"I did," answered the girl. "You fled across the river?"—"I did," still answered the girl. "And how did you do it?" asked Yaghishna eagerly. "I drank up all the water and dried up the river," said the girl. Yaghishna stooped down and drank of the river. She drank and drank, and became full like a water-bag; but the river still flowed on, as before. "I shall cross," said Yaghishna angrily. "Ah! it is too sticky here." Indeed, the river bank was

¹ Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee", 239.—W. B.

covered with slime. "Say! what did you take hold of when you left this bank?" — "I took hold of a tree and then of a bush, and last of all of a small weed," said the girl. Yaghishna caught hold of a weed, and it broke off. She fell into the water, and her belly burst. A stream of water came out of it and carried her off to the middle of the river, and downstream. "Ah, ah! help me out!" cried Yaghishna. "No, I will not," answered the girl. Then Yaghishna shouted to the girl when passing by:—

"Take my head for your cup,	"Мою тебѣ башку на чашку,
Take my fingers for your forks,	Мои тебѣ персты на вилки толсты,
Take my joints for your supports,	Мои тебѣ суставы на подставы,
Take my buttocks for your mortar,	Мою тебѣ жопу на ступу,
Take my legs for a stone-scraper handle,	Мои тебѣ ноги на камень-деревы,
Take my backbone for your scraping-board."	Мою тебѣ спинну костку на скобельну доску."

Told by Mary Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

4. STORY OF HUNGRY CHILDREN.

There lived an old man and an old woman. They had two sons and two daughters. They sent the younger daughter to get provisions. "Go to the roof and bring the reindeer leg that is there." She brought it. They took off the skin, broke the bone and extracted the marrow. They put it on a plate and ate it. Then the old woman sent the younger son: "Go and bring the reindeer tongue that is outside." He brought the tongue. They cut it up small and ate of it. One morsel stuck in the throat of the younger daughter, and she died. The mother cried much. Then she sent the elder boy to get from the roof the remaining food; but he found nothing there, and came back empty-handed. The mother cried more bitterly than ever, "How shall we live now? We have nothing to eat. The old man said, "Do not be afraid! We shall find something. Till now we always have found something." He went into the storehouse and found a piece of bread. He brought this to his wife. She was very glad, and ate it. The children, however, whimpered again, "Mother, we are hungry!" She said, "I have nothing. Go ask your father." They went to their father. "Father we are hungry!" The old man was furious. "I have nothing at all for you! Go away!" The younger boy cried louder than the others, so the father caught him and gave him a flogging. "I have nothing. Go and look in the storehouse!" He took the other boy and gave him a flogging. The old woman seized the oven rake and struck the old man on the back. He fell

down and died. The night passed. In the morning the children awoke, but the old woman slept on. They wanted to waken her, but were unable to do so. One of them took up an ax and struck her on the loins. The old woman was cut in two. After that they cried again; but the older boy said, "Why do you cry? We did it ourselves, so there is no reason for crying." The younger boy quarrelled with him, until he took him by the neck and thrust him into the oven which was burning brightly. He shut the door, and the younger boy was burned to death. The little sister cried, so he put her too into the burning oven. She tried to creep out, but he struck her on the head. Then he said, "Now I am left alone. I will go away from this place." Then he saw a cloud of dust coming down the road. It was Yaghishna. She came to the house and entered it. Then she took that boy by the nape of his neck. With her large knife she struck him on the head. The head jumped off and rolled away. Yaghishna went home. So they have lived till now, but get nothing good whatever.¹ The end.

Told by Mary Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

5. STORY OF FIVE BROTHERS.²

There were five brothers. Two of them were walking about, and saw on the trail some wolf's tracks, quite fresh, but covered with a little snow. They were frightened, and hastened home; but their three brothers were not there. They sat down on the bed and cried bitterly. Then they went out and saw someone coming. It was their eldest brother. They hugged him and kissed him. Then all three fell down senseless. A snowstorm came and covered them up. They almost ceased breathing. The eldest one, however, succeeded in getting up. He crept home, but a blast of wind carried him off to the river. Then he fell down again, and became senseless as before. He was frostbitten all over and as cold as ice. The wind was so strong that it broke the ice on the river. All the ice moved onward down the river, and the eldest brother moved with it. The other two were also there. They were nearly dead. The ice crumbled to pieces. They fell

¹ One of the usual final refrains of the Russian folk-stories. The most frequently used are: "They live and live and get much of the good." (Живутъ, проживаютъ, добра наживаютъ); "They lived and lived, and live till now." (Жить да быть, до теперѣва живутъ). But in northeastern Asia, with the ill-starred creoles, the first refrain changed to a negative "They live and live, and get nothing good whatever." (Живутъ, проживаютъ, никакого добра не наживаютъ).—W. B.

² I am not sure that this story belongs to the children's cycle. It looks much more like some mutilated version of a longer story of considerable interest. To my regret, however, I could find no other version of it.—W. B.

into the water, and were rocked to and fro by the waves and at last carried to the shore. There was a steep bank, where the flow of the water rushed by with great force. They were dragged to the bank, and then under the wall of earth overhanging the water. It fell down on them and nearly buried them. They were carried off however, back to the open water. The river was now free of ice. Two boats were paddling by; and all at once the bow of one of them split and the boat filled with water. The paddlers had to swim for their lives. Everything floated to the surface and the boat sank to the bottom. In ten days the river froze again. The three brothers who had been buried by the fall of earth and carried off by the water were frozen into the ice. They stuck there quite firmly, and stayed there until spring. In the spring the ice began to melt from the heat of the sun. The three brothers melted with it. One of them opened his eyes and looked up. His eyelashes were full of ice. So he died again, worse than ever. That is the end.

Told by Mary Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

6. STORY ABOUT A CRAZY OLD MAN.¹

There was an old man and an old woman. The old man was a good hunter: so he filled three large storehouses with the game he killed. One storehouse was full of reindeer and elks, another of seals and walrus, and a third was full of fish. They had plenty to eat. One morning he awoke, and said to his wife, "Listen, old woman! I dreamed last night that we were going to die. If this is so, then there is no need of all these stores of food. I want you to go to the first storehouse and throw all the food out to the ravens and the crows." The old woman refused; but he was so angry that she finally went and did as she was bidden. She worked all day long, and was very tired. Then she went back to the old man. The next day she emptied another storehouse; and the next day she emptied the third one, and threw all the fish back into the water. "Let us swim off," said the old man. The fish, however, was dead and dry, so it could not swim. The following morning they awoke quite early. Neither was dead; and, moreover, both felt very hungry, but all their food was gone. "Ah!" said the old man, "You, old woman, go to the storehouses and look among the rubbish. Perhaps you will find some scraps." The old woman really

¹ This story is based on one of the episodes of the well-known story of the Raven Kutq.—W. B.

found some scraps, and brought them home. A few of them were reindeer meat, others were seal blubber, and a third kind were some heads of dried fish. They put all this into a large kettle and prepared a soup. They ate of it. All at once a fly settled on the brim of the kettle. Oh! both felt alarmed. The old woman seized her culver-tail, and the old man a hatchet, and both attacked that nasty fly. The old woman struck at it with the culver-tail, and overthrew the kettle. The old man threw his hatchet at it, but the hatchet hit the old woman and broke her head. She fell down dead. The old man ate the remainder of the soup, and a fish bone stuck in his throat of which he also died. The end.

Told by Marie Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

7. STORY ABOUT TWO GIRLS.

There were two girls. They had plenty to eat, and knew nothing bad. One time they were walking about, and saw some men on horseback ride by. They went home, and found five men in their house, before the burning fire. "Who are you?" — "We are people from the Upper Land. We came from on high, and Yaghishna is also coming. She is not very far off." — "Ah! we are afraid. Take us along!" — "How can we take you? Our horses are few, and we are too many for them." Indeed, only two horses were tied to the posts opposite the entrance. The girls cried from fright. Meanwhile Yaghishna came. She took both girls and laid them down on the ground. Then she struck them with a big knife; but the knife could not cut them, and not a single wound was inflicted upon either of them. She raised her knife again; but one of the girls snatched it out of her hands, and struck her directly in the heart. She died. The girls started for home. They arrived there and wanted to have some tea. They prepared it, and were going to drink it. The elder sister said, "I am very hungry. Go and look in the storehouse. Perhaps you will find at least a dried fishskin." Indeed, she found a piece of fishskin, and they ate of it. In the meantime they heard the clattering of hoofs outside. They saw horses that were breathing fire, and that sought revenge for the death of Yaghishna. They struck at the girls with their iron hoofs, and trampled them down; but they could not inflict upon them even the slightest wound. So they went away, all covered with foam and even their breath of fire was extinguished.

The girls wanted to thank God for their salvation. The elder one took a thin wax taper and wanted to light it; but with the taper her own finger flamed up. She was burnt to death, and her sister with her. That is all.

They live and live, and get much that is good. I visited them recently. They washed their house.

Told by Mary Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

8. STORY OF THE TOM-CAT AND THE COCK.¹

There lived a Tom-Cat and a Cock. The Tom-Cat went to fetch fuel, and ordered the Cock to bake pancakes. Meanwhile there came a She-Fox and sang:—

"O Cock, my Cock! let me in!
We two shall play with little gold rings."

But the Cock refused to let her in. Then she sang again:—

"O Cock, my Cock! the golden crest,
The battered head, the silken beard,
Permit me at least to warm one single nail."

The Cock felt compassion, and pierced with a needle a little hole in the window-skin. The She-Fox thrust her nail in through the hole, and tore off the window-skin. Then she caught the Cock and carried him off through the window. The Cock sang aloud:—

"O Cat, my Cat!
The Fox is carrying me off
Beyond the dark forest,
Beyond the high mountains,
Beyond the white rocks,
Beyond the round lakes."

"Котъ, мой котъ,
Несетъ меня лиса
За темныя лѣса,
За высокія горы,
За бѣлыя каменья,
За круглыя озерья."

But the cat heard nothing and the Cock cried again:—

"O Cat, my Cat!
The Fox is carrying me off
Beyond the dark forest,
Beyond the high mountains,
Beyond the white rocks,
Beyond the round lakes."

¹ This is the Kolyma version of the well-known Old World story. Among the Russians of Europe several versions of it are known, mostly in rhymed prose. The Kolyma version is also in rhymed prose; but its form seems to be more ancient, and some of its details are not without interest.— W. B.

The Cat heard this time, and chased the Fox. He swung over her head his mighty sword, but she slipped into her furrow and was gone. So the Cock went to market and bought for himself a fine dulcimer. Then he came to the Fox's house, and sang thus:—

"Jingle, jingle, my fine dulcimer,
My golden one, my sonorous one!
Are you at home, O my red fox!
In your warm nest?
The first daughter of yours is the Small-Stuffed-One,
The second daughter is Palachelka.¹
The son is Valorous.²
He went up the sky
Clap my little staff
At the oaken door-sill.
Bring me, O fox!
An oven-baked cake."

"Брянъ, брянъ, гусельцы,
Золотыя, звончатыя,
Дома ли лиса красна
Во тепломъ гнѣздѣ?
Перва дочь Чучелка,
Другая Палачелка,
Сынъ хороверъ
Подъ небеса ушелъ.
Стукъ черешекъ
О дуеовый порожокъ:
Подай, лиса,
Подовый пирожокъ."

So the Fox said to the Small-Stuffed-One, "Go and give him this oven-baked-cake." She went with the cake, but he struck her on the head and killed her.

"He hid the carcass under the sand,
And the little skin under a heavy stone,
Lest the people see anything."

А куреньгу подъ песокъ,
А кожишку подъ тяжелый каменокъ,
Чтобъ люди не видали.

¹ The meaning of this name is unknown. Both names are of local, probably Yukaghir, provenience.— W. B.

² This and the following line are probably inserted from an ancient conundrum. "The mother is thick, the daughter is red, the son is valorous, went up the sky.— Oven, fire, smoke." (Мать толста, дочь красна, сынъ хороверъ, подъ небеса ушелъ).— W.B.

Then he sang again:—

"Jingle, jingle, my fine dulcimer,
My golden one, my sonorous one!
Are you at home, O fox!
In your warm nest?
You are
Quite fair of face,
But your husband is unfair.
Clap my little staff
Upon the oaken door-sill,
Bring me, O Fox!
An oven-baked-cake."

"Брянъ, брянъ, гусельцы
Золотыя, звончатыя,
Дома ли лиса
Во тепломъ гнѣздѣ?
Она сама
Лицомъ красна,
У ней мужъ не хорошъ.
Стукъ черешокъ
О дубовый порожекъ.
Подай, лиса,
Подовый пирожокъ."

"Ah," said the Fox, "go, Palachelka, and give him this oven-baked cake." She went with the cake but he killed her likewise. Then he sang again:—

"Jingle, jingle, my fine dulcimer,
My golden one, my sonorous one!
Are you at home, O fox!
In your warm nest?
You are
Quite fair of face,
But your husband is unfair.
Clap my little staff
Upon the oaken door-sill,
Bring me, O Fox!
An oven-baked-cake."

"Ah!" said the Fox, "Go, little Cock, and give him this oven-baked cake!"

The Cock went with the cake, but the Tom-Cat caught the Cock and hurried back to his home.¹ He gave the cock a sound thrashing. "Another

¹ According to another version, likewise from the Kolyma, the Tom-Cat killed also the mother Fox. He found the Cock firmly frozen in a block of ice, lying in the corner. He broke the ice, and thawed the Cock's body before the fire. The Cock came to life, and crowed lustily.— W. B.

time, whoever comes, you must not forget to keep the door tightly closed." After that they lived happily.

Told by Mary Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl, aged fourteen, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

9. STORY OF ELK'S HEAD.

There were an old man and an old woman. They had one daughter. They said to her, "Go to the roof and bring the elk's head." She brought the elk's head. They chopped it up small and cooked it in a kettle. They ate of it, and in one day they finished it. Then they said again to the girl, "Go to the roof and bring the mare's tongue." She brought the tongue. They cut it up small, and then fried it in a frying-pan. Then they wanted to eat of it; but the first morsel stuck in the throat of the girl, and she fell down, with the rattle of death in her throat. The old man and the old woman cried for grief, but the girl soon died. The old woman cried so much, that she brought forth a boy. The old man felt joyful, so he wanted to celebrate the birth. He kindled a large fire, and went to the roof to get a leg of elk; but before he came back, the old woman had died along with the boy. The old man was frantic with grief. He cried at first; then he struck the old woman, and said, "Why did the 'black ruin' take you this time? You never even felt slightly indisposed." The old woman was so angry, that she jumped up, struck the old man on the head, and died again. The old man fell down and scattered all around in their ashes. The end. They lived and lived, and live till now, but get nothing good whatever.

Told by Marie Dauroff, a Russian creole girl, aged fifteen, in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

10. STORY OF A SMALL GIRL.

There was an old man and an old woman. They had no sons or daughters so they prayed to God, and he sent them a son. He grew up quickly, and was useful in their household work. One morning they ordered him to start a fire. He climbed to the roof and pulled the skin stopper out of the chimney. Then he kindled the fire, and it flamed up brightly. He wanted to put the teakettle on the burning coals; but the kettle was set awry, and reclined to one side. Some of the scalding water poured out on the boy's hand. He let go of the kettle, and it was nearly overthrown. The father and the mother grew angry and gave him a severe spanking. "In vain was

it that we prayed to God for you. Better were it if we had prayed for a little girl." The old woman wanted to put the kettle in order, but she could not even move it from its place. Then the boy put the teakettle upon the hearth, at a safe distance from the fire. The old woman said again, "Bring some wood. We will cook the elk head." He brought the wood and the elk head, and she cooked it; but the head remained tough, however long she cooked it. Meanwhile the old woman did not feel well. She lay down on the bed and brought forth a girl. This girl grew up in a couple of days, and was able to work. The old man said, "Thank God, we have a girl now! She shall work for us and do everything." Again the girl cooked the elk head, and when it was done they ate of it; but the boy had a bone stick in his throat, of which he died. The old man and the old woman cried from grief, and repeated, "Ah, ah! we have a girl now, but the boy is gone." — "It was you, old fool! who complained of the boy," said the old man to his wife. After that he went chopping wood, and in his grief he cut his foot. He came back to the house; and the old woman said, "I always knew you were very clumsy." He grew angry, and struck her neck with his ax. Both fell down and died. The girl also died. The end.

Told by Kitty, called the Lamut girl, a Russian creole girl, aged twelve, in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, summer of 1896.

11. STORY ABOUT YAGHISHNA.

There was a young girl. She walked about, and saw two boys coming. She shouted to them, "Who are you?" — "We are your brothers." — "And where are you going?" — "We are going to your house." She sat down on the ground and sank through it. The brothers came to the house, and cried bitterly. Then they went down the road the girl had descended before them. They came to the girl, and cried again, "Why should the earth refuse to carry you? You are probably too clumsy to walk upon it." She felt very angry. Therefore, she jumped up to the earth's surface, and struck both boys on the face. Then she went home. Not a single piece of wood was left there. The two boys, while crying, had burnt up all the fuel, to dry their tears before the fire. She left the house and went away. After a while she met Yaghashna. The she-monster said, "I want to take you for my daughter. Would you like to be my daughter?" "I should like it on one condition." — "What is that? Speak!" — "On condition that you die very shortly." Yaghashna was very angry, and struck her face. "If I die shortly, I want no daughters." She first slapped her right cheek, and then the left,— and flew away snorting with anger. The girl fell

down and was scattered about as gravel. After a while Yaghashna came back. She looked for the girl, but she was not to be found. Only some gravel lay scattered all around. "Is it you?" But the gravel was silent. "Who made you fall down?" The gravel was dumb. That is all.

Told by Annie Korkin, a Russianized Yukaghir girl, aged fourteen, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

V. MARKOVA TALES.

1. LAMUT TALE.¹

There was a Lamut man, who traveled about looking for a wife. One time he found a stone in the likeness of a person. He took it home and put it near the fireplace. He awoke in the morning, and said to the stone, "There, wife, cook some food!" Since the stone never stirred, he got up and cooked the food himself. Then he went off to look for game. He came back in the evening, and said again to the stone, "Wife, cook some food!" But since the stone never stirred, he cooked the food himself. He awoke next morning, and, lo! the stone wife was cooking food. They lived together as husband and wife.

After a while he went to a river and walked along the bank. He felt thirsty; he found a water-hole and stooped down. When about to drink, he saw a girl down below, who was combing her long glossy hair. "Ah, come here! let us play!" She came out, and they played shooting at each other with bow and arrows. At last he looked up. The sun was already setting. "Ah! it is late. I must go home. He went home, but his wife pouted at him. "Why are you so late? Before this you used to come in time." — "I have been tracking a fox." The following morning he arose early and went to the river. The water girl was already down there in the water, combing her hair. "Come along, let us play!" They played again till sunset. When he came home, his wife was very angry. "Why are you so late?" He gave no answer, thinking of the girl, and promising himself, "Tomorrow morning I shall get up still earlier." The wife, however, caused a heavy sleep to fall upon him. Early in the morning the stone woman arose. She put on her husband's clothes, took his bow and arrows, and on snowshoes went to the river following her husband's tracks. She came to the water-hole and looked down. The girl was there, combing her hair. "Come along, let us play." — "Ah! my heart is in a flurry. I feel as if we had never played before." — "Oh, nonsense! Well, at least come up a little! Let me have a look at you." The other one appeared out of the water up to her armpits. Then the stone wife shot at her and pierced her breast with an arrow. Blood spurted from her breast and from her back. The girl dropped back, and the stone woman returned to her home. She

¹ See p. 21.

put her husband's clothes in their former place, also his bow and snowshoes. Then she removed the sleeping-spell from him. He jumped up, and saw that the sun was already high up in the sky. He took his bow, put on his snowshoes, and hurried to the river. The girl, however, was not to be seen. "Ah!" said he with many lamentations, "she is no more! I do not want to stay here either." He jumped into the water and sank down. His ears rustled, his body tingled all over. Then he found himself in a new world. He found a beaten track, and walked on. After a while he came to a city. All the houses of the city were covered with black calico. Apart from the others stood a little house in which lived a little old woman. He entered. The old woman asked, "Where do you come from?" — "I am from the other world. What has happened here! Is anybody sick? Why all this black calico?" — "Our chief's daughter is sick. Somebody hit her with an arrow." — "I want to heal her." The old woman hurried to the chief: "A man has come to our city who offers to heal your daughter." The chief ordered that the visitor be brought in. As soon as he entered the house, the girl moaned aloud, "Aah!" He touched the arrow, and in a moment she was dead. Then he asked for some men's clothes. These he put on her body, and on himself he put her clothes. "Well, father and mother, take your last farewell. I will watch the body all by myself." After sunset there came two young birds, two spoonbills. Two high larch trees stood there. The spoonbills alighted on the trees.

"O sister! get up!
Let us play, and let us flutter about!"¹

"O sisters! I cannot play,
I cannot flutter.
O sisters! my wings are broken,
My feathers fell down."

"O sister! who broke your wings?
Who plumed your feathers?"

"O sisters! he who broke them.
He lies down like one dead."

The spoonbills alighted on the ground, and turned into young girls. They came to the one who was dead. The first girl blew upon her, the second girl spat upon her. Then she jumped up, and exclaimed, "Ah, ah, ah! I slept very long! Now I am up again." "Ah! without our aid, you would have slept forever." They stayed there till the following morning. When

¹ In Russian this is a kind of rhymed prose.

the other people awoke, they carried her to her parents. The mother immediately fell in a swoon. She came to herself only in the evening, and they married the girl to the visitor. They lived together. One time he said, "I want to visit my former wife." As soon as the stone wife saw him, she jumped up. "Ah! my husband is coming, my husband is coming!" She whetted her teeth, ready to bite; but the man strung his bow and shot her. She fell back. "Ah! so it is. I wanted to devour you, but you got ahead of me." He built a great fire and burned the woman. Then he went back to the water girl and lived with her.

Told by Anne Sosykin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

2. A LAMUT TALE.

There was a Lamut camp. An old Lamut had three daughters, who were not married. Another family made their camp nearby. I do not know whether they were men or spirits. They attacked the Lamut, and killed all of them. The three sisters fled. The strangers dried the flesh of their victims. They split the bones and extracted the marrow. The sisters were very hungry. The oldest one said, "I will go to them. I am very hungry. Perhaps they will not kill me."

They bade her welcome and offered her meat. It seems, they gave her flesh of one of her own people, for she could not eat it. The master of the house was the shaman of the camp. In the evening he said to his wife and the visiting girl, "I will sleep this night with both of you." So they lay down side by side. The shaman copulated first with the one, then with the other. When they lay there tired, the girl asked the mistress, "Do you live on the flesh of those Lamut people?"—"It is so," she answered. The shaman suddenly jumped up. "Ah! my heart is throbbing. It forbodes something."—"What does it forbode?" asked his wife. "Is there anybody stronger than you are?"—"Lie down!" said the guest, "since you are my new husband." He lay down. The guest asked again, "Eh, sister, do you ever suffer from any illness?"—"Never," answered the mistress. "In the valley down there is a reindeer that belongs to my husband. Its liver is full of reindeer fly maggots. Whoever gets this liver kills all of us. This is our only fear."—"Ah, sister!" answered the guest, "it is time to sleep."

Soon they slept. The Lamut woman crept out of the tent. She took the bow and arrows, put on her snowshoes, and went to look for the reindeer. She saw it in the valley, close to a group of larch trees. It was

spotted, and its antlers stood upright. She tried to approach, but it ran away. At last she came within range of it and killed it. Then she opened it and extracted the liver. It was full of maggots. She destroyed these one by one. Soon there was heard a great lamentation from the camp of the invaders. "Arai, arai."¹ She came to the shaman's tent. He jumped up; but when she destroyed the largest maggot, he fell back dead. Then she went to her sisters. "Ah, sisters! I have killed them all."—"How is it possible?" said the sisters. "It is not true."—"Indeed, let us go and look at them!" They arrived at the camp. All their enemies were stone-dead. They carried out the bodies, and took everything in the camp for themselves. The end.

Told by Anne Sosykin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

3. YUKAGHIR TALE.

There were two sisters. One time they walked about and met Kose-tóka.² The first sister saw him, and immediately let herself fall down, pretending to be dead. He came to her and investigated the body. He found an aperture in the hind part, and said, "Ah! this is the wound." Then he put his finger into the wound and smelled of it. "Ah!" said he, "bad odor. Probably she was killed long ago." Then he stooped down and smelled of the pretended wound. "Too bad!" said he, "I will not eat of it."³ The other sister was deaf, and did not hear his words. All at once she looked back and saw the monster. "Ah, ah!" said he, "this is fresh meat. I will cook some of it for today." She retorted, "Better let us go and have a little play! After that you may eat me." They went to a lake which was frozen. "Let us have our play here on the ice." The woman had two round stone scrapers concealed in her bosom. "Here, sister! what shall we play!" asked the monster. The woman put her hand into her bosom and took out one of the scrapers. This she jerked out suddenly, and threw it on the ice. It rolled down with much noise. "Ah sister! you have there some very nice playthings."—"You also have similar playthings between your legs. There are two of them. You may tear off one and throw it on the ice." He put his hand between his legs and roared with pain. "Quick!" said the woman, "tear it off and throw it down!" He threw his testicle

¹ In the Lamut language, "Alas, alas!"—W. B.

² The narrator said that this was a Yukaghir "bad spirit." She knew nothing more about this spirit.—W. B.

³ See references in Boas, "Kutenai Tales" (*Bulletin 59, Bureau of American Ethnology*), 296, No. 16.—F. B.

down on the ice. It made a shuffling noise and stuck to the ice. "Ah, ah!" roared the monster, "now it is your turn!" The woman jumped up and jerked out the other scraper. Doing this, she also roared feigning great suffering. "Go along! It is your turn now!" — "Ah, sister! it is too painful." — "For shame, I, a woman, can stand as much." He tore off the other testicle, and immediately fell down on the ice. He was dead and the woman ran home. "Ah, ah!" said she to her sister, "I have killed him. We tried a new game, all of my own invention, and I killed Kosetóka." The end.¹

Told by Anne Sosykin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

4. A MARKOVA TALE.²

There was an old man and an old woman. The old man used to catch hares and bring them to his old woman. She cooked them, and they ate together. One time the old man brought a fat reindeer. The old woman jumped for joy. "Ah, the fat reindeer!" She skinned it and dressed it and chopped it; and then she put some of it into a large kettle, which she hung up over the fire. The meat was nearly done. Then the old man said to himself, "This old woman will consume all my meat. Eh, old woman, fetch some water!" The old woman took a pail and went down to the river. The old man in a moment secured the door on the inside and waited in silence. The old woman came back and could not open the door. "What is the matter with this door?" — "Oh, nothing! I have fastened it on this side." — "Why did you do so?" — "Oh, I was afraid you would eat all my fat meat." The old woman climbed to the roof. "Old man, I put the foot of a hare behind the chimney. Please throw it out to me." He did so. The old woman took the foot and went away. After some time she grew weary and sat down to rest. A magpie was flying by. "O magpie! please tell me where there are human people." — "I will not tell you. When you lived with the old man, each time that I wanted to perch on the fish racks, you would hurl sticks at my head, I will tell you nothing."

The old woman went on and after a while sat down again. A raven was flying by. "O Raven! please tell me where there are human people." — "I will not tell you. When you lived with the old man each time I wanted

¹ See notes in Boas, "Tsimshian Mythology" (*Thirty-first Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1916), 680.

² This tale like some others, was indicated as a real Markova tale, in contrast to others which were indicated as Lamut, Yukaghir, or Chuvantzi tales, or again, as Russian tales coming from Russia. It represents, however, a mixture of elements, Russian and native.—W. B.

to perch on the fish racks you would hurl lumps of earth at my head. I will tell you nothing. He flew off, and the old woman went on. After a while she sat down to rest. A snow-bunting flew past. "O, Snow-Bunting! please do tell me, where there are human people." — "I will tell you. When you lived with the old men and whenever I perched upon the fish racks, you would do nothing to me; and when you were dressing fish for drying, you would leave for us some pieces of roe and liver. Follow me, I will show you the way."

The snow-bunting flew away, and the old woman followed. After some time she saw a village. She entered one of the houses. The people bade her welcome, and gave her shelter and food. After the meal they said, "O old woman! we have prepared a couch for you on which you may sleep." The next morning they gave her a goose, because they had a plentiful supply of wild and tame geese. They also showed her the way. She went on and came to other people. "Old woman, this couch is for you. Go to sleep." She looked around, and saw that these people owned many swans: so she said to them. "Please give my goose a place among your swans." Next morning she asked them, "Where is my little swan?" — "How is that. Did you not have a gosling?" — "No, I swear I had a little swan. I call God and the King to witness that I had a young swan." So they gave her a swan. She took it and went on until she came to other people who had plenty of does. "Please put my swan among your does. It wants to be among your does." They put it among the does. The next morning she asked, "Where is my doe?" — "Why, mother, you had a swan." — "No, I swear I had a doe." They gave her a doe and she went out. The next time she slept she stole a sledge and a reindeer-harness. She attached the doe to the sledge, and, seating herself on the sledge, drove on, singing lustily,¹ "On, on, on! Run along the track, harness not mine, on without stopping! Other man's sledge will never break down." An arctic fox jumped up. "Here, granny, take me along on your sledge!" — "Sit down, you S — of a B —, your anus on the stanchion!"

She drove on. A wolverene jumped up. "Here, granny, take me along on your sledge!" "Sit down, you S — of a B —, your anus on the stanchion."

They drove on. A bear jumped up. "Here, granny, take me along on your sledge!" "Sit down, you S — of a B —, your anus on the stanchion!" The bear sat down on the sledge and it broke. "Oh, goodness! Go and bring me some wood. I will repair the sledge." The arctic fox went and fetched a rotten log. "That is good for nothing," said the old woman.

¹ In Russian all this is rhymed prose, though this rhymed version is somewhat different from the usual rhymed versions of the latter half of this tale as known in European Russia.—W. B.

The wolverene went and brought a crooked pole. "That is good for nothing," said the old woman. The bear went and fetched a whole tree forked at about the middle. "That is too bad," said the old woman. She went herself, and meanwhile they devoured the doe and ran off. The old woman came back, and there was no doe, nor any of her companions. So she left the sledge and went back to the old man. He had eaten his reindeer, and was catching hares again: he took the old woman back and they lived as before. The end.¹

Told by Anne Sosykin, a Russianized Chukchee woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

5. A MARKOVA TALE.

There was a duck who called herself White-Cap. She asked her granddaughter to louse her. "O granny! there are no lice on your forehead, but plenty on the back of your head." — "Géte, géte!" said the old woman in duck language. "There are none on the back of the head, but quite a good many on the forehead, géte, géte, géte!" — "O granny! Why do you talk like that? You never did so before." — "Géte, géte, I always talked like the gray geese that pass high above me. They made me lose my wits, géte, géte, géte!" The girl was frightened and ran away.

For some time she remained alone, then she felt lonely and sat down on a high stone. A snow-bunting perched on a cranberry-bush. The girl asked it, "What do you want?" — "Pitititi do you feel warm?" — "I do feel warm." — "Pitititi, why do you not bathe in the river?" — "I am afraid, lest I should drown." — "Pitititi, why do you not hold on to a willow." — "I am afraid to get a splinter in my palm." — "Pitititi, why do you not put on mittens?" — "I am afraid, lest they should be torn." — "Pitititi, why do you not mend them?" — "I am afraid the needle might break." — "Pitititi, why do you not sharpen it?" — "I am afraid the whetstone might split, and brother would blame me."

"What is your bed?" — "A dogskin." — "What is your pillow?" — "A dog's neck." — "What are your spoons?" — "Dog's paws." — "What are your forks?" — "Dog's claws." — "What is your kettle?" — "A dog skull." — "What is your sledge?" — "Dog's cheek-bones." — "What are your ladles?" — "Dog's shoulder blades." — "What are your titbits?" — "Dog's tongue." — "What are your cups?" — "Dog's teeth." — "And where is your fire?" — "A jay passed by and extinguished it." — "And

¹ See Bolte und Polivka, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 293; vol. 2, 147.— F. B.

where is the jay?" — "It flew away to the mountain to peck at the larch gum." The end.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

6. A MARKOVA TALE.¹

There were three brothers. One was Grass-Leg, another was Bladder, the third was Little-Finger. One time they ate blood-soup. Little-Finger saw some marrow, and wanted to take it; but he fell into the soup and was drowned. Grass-Leg wanted to help him, but in his hurry broke his leg, seeing which, Bladder laughed till he burst of laughter. Their father went and asked his wife, "Where are our children?" She told him. He was so angry that he killed her. The end.²

Told by Katherine Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi girl, twelve years of age, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

7. SISTER AND BROTHER MARRIED.³

There was a sister who wanted to marry her brother. One time while the brother was out hunting she sewed a new tent cover and prepared new poles also. Then she dug a long underground passage away from their house, and at the end of it she pitched her new tent. She said to her brother, "A strange woman has come to our camp. You should marry her. After that I will go away." He said, "Better stay with us." — "No, I will go and look for a husband; but you must go and visit that woman." As soon as he was gone, she changed her clothing, and arranged her hair in a different manner. Then she dived into the underground passage and made off to the new tent. There she sat down and when her brother came in he saw her working on skins. He went back home; but she was there before him, and put on her former dress. She asked him, "Did you see her?" — "Yes, I saw her. She looks very much like you." — "Don't be silly! Women are alike, just like larch-cones; you hesitate too long. Marry her, the sooner the better. I will go and look for a husband."

¹ This tale is met with in European Russia in several versions. Some details, however,—for instance, blood-soup with marrow in it,—belong to northeastern Asia. See also p. 144.—W. B.

² See Bolte und Polivka, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 135, 204.— F. B.

³ Cf. Bogoras, "Chukchee Materials", No. 59, 171.— W. B.

The following morning he went to the woman's tent, and spent the whole day there. He paid his suit and married her. The sister pretended to go away, but she had gone to the new tent and stayed there. There they lived. In due time she brought forth a boy, who grew up and became able to shoot. His father made a bow and arrows for him. The boy shot at a Snow-Bunting, which grew angry, and said to him, "You good-for-nothing! do not shoot at me! Better think that you are the child of a brother who married his own sister." The boy went to his mother, and said, "The Snow-Bunting is abusing me. It says that I am the child of a brother who married his own sister." She only said, "Do not say that to your father!" When the man came home, the boy wanted to tell him; but just as he began and said "Father!" his mother gave him a spanking and drove him away. This was repeated several times. Then the father took notice and said, "Wife! bring me some wild sheep meat." She went to the storehouse. Then the boy began again, "Here, father!" — "What is it, child?" — "Snow-Bunting said to me that I am the child of a brother who married his own sister." — "Ah, ah!" said the father. He took his big ax and ground it well on the whetstone. Then he hung it up just above the entrance. He laid a spell upon it and said to the ax, "If she is really my sister, fall down and split her head." The woman entered smiling; but, as soon as she had shut the door, the ax fell down and split her head. So she died, and he prepared for her funeral. They lived on, he and his boy. The end.

Told by Anne Sosykin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

8. A LAMUT TALE.

There was a man or perhaps a Monster. He prepared a fish trap of willow, and made a weir across the river. He put the fish trap in a suitable place and waited for the catch. After a while he listened, and heard the fish trap whistle. "Eh, fish trap! are you whistling?" — "Yes, I am whistling because the water runs through me." After a while he asked again, "Eh, fish trap! are you choking now?" — "Yes, I am," said the fish trap. So the man drew out the fish trap, and it was full of the choicest fish. He constructed a drying rack, and hung up the fish. Then he asked again, "Eh, fish trap! are you choking?" Again he pulled out the fish trap, and it was full of the best fish. Thus he worked for nine days. He built nine fish racks and filled every one with the precious fish. Then he built nine storehouses and stored his dried fish in them. After that he began to live on the fish. The first day he consumed one storehouse full. The second

day he finished the second storehouse. Thus in nine days he was through with all his stores of dried fish. Then he said, "I have nothing to eat, so I will go and try to find a dwelling."

He walked about, and after a while saw a village. He felt full of joy. "Oh, now I shall have a meal!" Then he sang aloud, "Nia'hu, nia'hu, there live some people! I shall have a meal, and I shall have much joy from it!" Some Lamut boys were kicking a football. A needle case shouted from within a work bag, "Take care! The Monster is coming. Hear him roar!" "What do we hear! It is you that roar." And the Monster sang again, "Nia'hu, nia'hu, there live some people!" They heard his voice, and ran away. Only the needle case was left among the offal. The Monstrous old man came to the village and passed from house to house. Not a soul was there. Only a gray jay was skipping from one drying rack to another. "Here, grandfather! come play with us! Let us have a skipping-match!" — "I cannot skip." He skipped once and once again. The third time he tried he broke one of his legs. He drew out a small knife and cut off his leg. "See here!" said the Monster, "my marrow is quite fat." At that moment the Needle Case jumped up from the heap of offal and sang, "Goldiá, goldiá, nesoyá, koroyá. The monstrous old man has broken his leg! Ub-čub, čub!"¹ "Oh, oh! stop your shouting! Take this little knife." "I do not want it." "Then take a little marrow of this bone." — "I do not eat it, Ub-čub-čub!" As soon as the people heard his voice, they came with knives and axes and attacked the Monster. Some struck him with axes, some cut him with knives. At last they killed him. They turned the body over and examined its back. They found that a long whetstone had entered his anus fully a foot. The end.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, winter of 1900.

9. A YUKAGHIR TALE.²

There was a Yukaghir man and his wife. He was exceedingly lazy. He was all the time lying in his tent, and did not want to go out. The woman chopped the wood and looked after the traps and snares. She also

¹ These words represent probably an imitation of Lamut talk, though they have no particular meaning. The last word, ūbčū, is in the Russian-Chukchee-Lamut trading jargon, and means "food," to "eat."

² The tribal name "Yukaghir" is mentioned in the title as well as in the text of this tale. Still the unknown words occurring in it were indicated as belonging to the Chuvantzi language, though nobody was able to translate them. The Chuvantzi may have been a branch of the Yukaghir. (Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 18).—W. B.

prepared their food. He would lie on the skins in the tent. She would come home and cook the dinner. Then she would ask, "Will you eat?"—"Why! If I must! čeměčina!"

One time the woman went out, and saw somebody coming. It was Yaghishna, the unclean idol.¹ The woman came back, and sang out:—

"Ke, ke, ke, ke, ke.
Čomúnda galúnda
Bátkina déka
Čomúnda ritéka!"

"Oh!" said she, "old man, there comes Yaghishna!" He remained lying down. She went out again, and the female enemy was already nearby. She entered again. "Oh, she is here! Get up, old man! or I shall leave you." He remained lying there, as before. The third time she entered, and sang out:—

"Ke, ke, ke, ke, ke,
Bátkina ta'lik
Čomúnda ričálik!"

"Oh, there, old man! get up! She is at the door. "Ah!" said he, "I shall get up and čeměčina, I shall put on my breeches and čeměčina, I shall put on my coat and čeměčina, I shall put on my boots and čeměčina, I shall take my quiver and čeměčina, I shall take my bow and čeměčina, I shall take my arrow and čeměčina." So he got up, took his bow and arrows, and rushed out of the house. He tried to shoot at the monster, but all his arrows that hit her body rebounded as from hard stone. The woman sang again:—

"Ke, ke, ke, ke, ke,
Čomúnda galúnda!"

"Old man, do not aim at her body: try as hard as you can to take aim at her anus, then you will kill her."

He had only one arrow left, so he aimed at her anus. The arrow pierced her, passed through the body, and came out at the mouth. She fell down like a big mountain. They ran to her, and chopped up her body with a broad spear and with an ax. The old woman said, "Old man! Let us pile up some wood. Let us burn her." They heaped up a pile of wood. Then they put her on top of it and burned her up. They threw the ashes to all four winds. The old man went back into the tent and wanted to lie down. "Oh, old man! don't lie down! Oh, old man! don't lie down! Let us rather go and see whether she has left anyone behind in her house. They may come here and destroy us unawares."

¹ Yaghishna, cf. No. 6 of the Kolyma tales, p. 52.—W. B.

They followed in her tracks, and finally found a house. They stole up to it. Nobody was stirring there. They found a chink and looked through it. The house was empty: so they entered and looked about. There was nothing of any use, mere rubbish and dirt. A large wooden dish stood in the middle of the house, bottom upward. The old man stumbled over the dish, and it turned right-side up. A number of small children jumped out of it, like so many peas, and ran about:—

"Oh, oh, máma ta kákača,
Máma ta vákeca!"

They broke the heads of all of the children. Then they set fire to the house and went home. From that time on the old man became quite active. He went hunting and brought back food and clothing. They lived in good style and had everything desired. So they have lived up to the present time.

Told by Anne Pleskov, an old Russianized native woman, in the village of Vakarena, the Anadyr River, autumn of 1899.

VI. ANADYR TALES.

10. A CHUVANTZI TALE.¹ (*Anadyr Version*).

There was a man, Látka by name, who had an assistant who was called Póndandí. When Látka died, his daughter remained alone with Póndandí. Póndandí worked for her as he used to do for her father. One morning she arose and saw that there was no fire in the house. She walked out, and saw the assistant sitting on the other bank of the river, quite motionless. "Eh, Póndandí, Póndandí, why do you not make a fire? We are cold." He said nothing, but sat as before, looking at her quite steadfastly. So she made the fire herself. "Here, Póndandí, fetch some water!" He did not stir. She went for water herself. "Here, Póndandí, cook some food! We are hungry." He paid no attention. She cooked the brisket of a wild sheep: "O, Póndandí, Póndandí! what do you want?" He did not answer. "Come and have a meal!" He did not stir. She ate all alone, and went to sleep. The next morning she went out of the house. He was sitting on the very same place, looking at her more steadfastly than ever. She herself performed all the household work, and said nothing to him. When all was finished, she called, "Ah, Póndandí, Póndandí! what do you want?" He did not reply. "Perhaps you want a handsome suit of clothes. I will prepare them for you." He sat as before without answering, looking steadfastly at her.

She had a meal and went to sleep. The next morning she looked at the river, and he was sitting there as before. "O Póndandí, Póndandí! what do you want? Perhaps you want to take me for your wife?" He jumped up like a football, and danced about. After one tour he sat down again, and looked at her as steadfastly as before. She said nothing until the next morning. Then she went to the river, and said:—

"O Póndandí, Póndandí!
If you want to marry me,
Go and kill a big brown bear
For a blanket for me."

¹ This tale is probably of Chuvantzi provenience. It is remarkable from the fact that some fragments of verse have been arranged in the form of an old Russian lay, although the life it describes is of native color. In the Kolyma country this tale has been transformed into a similar lay, more coherent in character, used chiefly as a lullaby. See No. 11, p. 138.—W. B.

He jumped up and danced about, and then started off like an arrow. She said to herself, "Oh, let him go! Perhaps the bear will devour him, and I shall be rid of him." The next morning she went to the river, and Póndandí was sitting there as before. "Ah!" thought she, "he is still alive." But when she came back to her house, a big bear's carcass was lying near the entrance.

"O, Póndandí, Póndandí!
Go and kill a big elk
For trimming my dress."

He jumped up again and danced off. In due time she went to sleep, saying to herself, "No he is surely dead." She arose in the morning and went to the river. Póndandí was sitting there, but a big elk's carcass lay near the entrance.

"O Póndandí, Póndandí!
If you want to marry me,
Go and kill a big mountain-sheep
For our wedding roast."

He jumped up and danced off. She said to herself, "Now perhaps he will fall down the cliff and be killed." The next morning she went to the river. Póndandí was sitting there, and a big mountain-sheep carcass was lying near the door.

"O Póndandí, Póndandí!
See there the big stone!
Go and bring it here
For our future children to play with."

He jumped up and danced off, "Ah," said she, "now the end is coming. The stone is too heavy. He will desist from his marriage projects."

The next morning she went out of the house; and a big mountain which had stood away back from the river had changed its place, and stood before the entrance.

"O Póndandí, Póndandí!
If you want to marry me,
Take a bow with arrows
And shoot an arrow up to the sky,
Then you must follow it,
As swift as your arrow."

He jumped off and caught his bow. He strung it and shot an arrow up to heaven. Then he jumped upward and followed the arrow. She looked up and followed him with her eyes, until he was lost out of sight. She waited and waited, but he did not fall back, and never descended. "Ah," said she, "surely he fell down at some other place. No doubt he is dead." She went

to sleep, and in the morning she went again to the river. Nobody was there. "Ah!" sighed she, "it is all over," and went back to the house. At that moment, however, a man came driving a team of reindeer. It was Póndandī. He fell down somewhere among a big herd of reindeer: so he caught a pair of reindeer, and after attaching them to a sledge, he drove off. Now he arose from his sledge. He was quite handsome, and his clothes were fine. He entered the house and sat down on the bed of the girl.

"O you visitor!
Do not sit down on my place!
My bridegroom will come,
And he will blame me."

"I am your husband," said Póndandī. "No," said the girl, "you are not. His coat is of the worst kind of skins, and he himself is no more than a snotty youth." — "If you do not believe me, come out, and I will prove it to you." They went out, and he showed her his former clothes and the skin of a snotty youth in the tree. "Look there!" said Póndandī, "down the valley. My father and mother are passing there with a few of their herds." She looked down, and the whole valley was alive with reindeer, — bucks and deer, and small fawns. The old people came nearer, and their herd proved much more numerous than the herd of the girl. They joined their herds and lived there. Látka's daughter married Póndandī. The end.

Told by Anne Chain, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, summer of 1896.

11. LAY OF BÓNDANDI.

(*Kolyma Version*).¹

"Bóndandī, get up, get up!	"Бонданды, встань, встань,
Go and kill an elk	Поди звѣря-то убей,
For our bedding,	Намъ на постельку,
For child's coverlet.	Дитѣ на одѣялку.
A boat comes from upstream	Сверху карбасъ плыветъ.
With such nice girls,	Таки дѣвки хорошия,
With such long-nosed ones!	Таки большеносыя.
I saw the girls	Я дѣвокъ увидалъ,
And hid in the cabin.	Въ балаганчикъ ускочилъ.
The girls came there,	Пришли дѣвки,
They tugged at me,	Стали меня дергать,
They pressed me down."	Стали меня тискать."

¹ Inserted here for more ready comparison.

"We girls we have come
To cook fat soup for you,
To pick berries for you.'
He repulsed the girls,
And hid in the cabin.
The girls wept aloud,
The girls whimpered low,
They were much frightened,
And cursed their luck,
'Bóndandī drove us off,
'Bóndandī drove us away.'"

"Мы, дѣвки, пришли
Тебѣ кашу варить
И по дгоды ходить.'
Онъ дѣвокъ прогонилъ,
Въ балаганчикъ ускочилъ.
Стали дѣвки плакать,
Стали дѣвки хинькать,
Стали тутъ страститься:
'Бонданды выгонилъ'
Бонданды прогонилъ.'"

Told by Helen Dauroff, a Russian creole woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, winter of 1900.

12. STORY ABOUT KUNDIRIK.¹

There was an old man with an old woman. One time they prayed to God, asking Him to give them a child. God granted their prayer, and they had a son. The old woman said, "What name shall we give to the boy?" — "Ah!" said the old man, "let us call him Kundirik."

The old man went to hunt wild reindeer. When on the way, a bear attacked him and wanted to kill him. "O grandfather! spare me!" "Unless you promise to give me your son Kundirik, I shall kill all of you." He promised to give him the boy and the bear let him go. The old woman saw him come covered with blood. "Ah!" cried she, "Pičini'č, pičini'č,² my husband is bringing reindeer meat!" "Do not make so much noise! It is my own blood. The grandfather wanted to kill me. O wife! he asked for our little Kundirik. Otherwise he said he should come and kill all of us." The old woman cried much, then she prepared some dolls for the boy. She put him on the window sill, and put the dolls by his side. Then they left the house and departed forever. The Bear came, and entered. "Kundirik, where are you?" — "I am here, outside, playing with dolls." The Bear went out, "Kundirik, where are you?" — "I am here, within, playing with the dolls." He was on the window sill, now within, and now outside. The Bear broke down the wooden wall and seized Kundirik. "When we were traveling, father and I, he used to carry me on his shoulders." So the Bear put the boy on his shoulders and walked along. They came to a big hole in the ground. Two poles of aspen wood were protruding from it, and a sleeping place made of green branches was arranged on them.

¹ Cf. No. 2, p. 112, of the series of Children's Stories. — W. B.

² These words were indicated as belonging to the Chuvantzi language. — W. B.

"This is our sleeping place," said the boy. "We used to sleep here, father in the hole, and I on the branches." The Bear entered the hole, and immediately went to sleep. The boy gathered a number of heavy stones and brought them all to the edge of the hole. "Bear, Bear! are you sleeping?" — "Yes, I am. And are you?" — "I am not. My stomach is aching. I am afraid. I am going to defecate stones." Then he pushed the stones, and they fell down and hit the Bear. He was squeezed down, and his bowels came out of his belly. "Kundirik, Kundirik, help me get out! I will take you to your father and mother." — "No, I am afraid you will eat me up." And the Bear died.

Kundirik left him and went away. He saw a house and entered. In this house lived a man and his three daughters. The father awakened the daughters. "Get up, daughters! A stranger has come. Give him food and drink." — "Ah! let him look for it himself!" He refused to do so, but went out of the house and said softly, "Kundirik, Kundirik! let those girls' buttocks stick firmly to the flooring!" In the morning the girls wanted to get up, but the boards of the flooring were lifted along with them. "Ah!" said the father, "Something has happened. Go and fetch my old mother. She will give me counsel." Kundirik went to the old woman, who lived far off, and asked her to come. "Ah!" said the old woman, "you must first help me with my wraps." He wrapped her up. "Now you must help me to my sledge." So he carried her to the sledge. They departed. After a while she said, "Kundirik, Kundirik, now help me defecate." He put her down and took off some of her wraps. "Kundirik, Kundirik, now help me wipe my anus." — "There is a horse," said Kundirik, "go to him, he will clean you." She approached the horse. The horse seized her naked buttocks with his teeth and tore her in two. Out of her lacerated anus came a quantity of mice, ermine, spermophile, toads, grubs. Kundirik went to the old man, and said, "The old woman died on the way. She was indeed too old." The old man said to him, "Please find help for us if you can!" Kundirik promised to do so. He went out of the house, and called aloud, "Kundirik, Kundirik! let these girls be detached from the flooring!" He went back and said, "Get up!" and they were free. They gave him the youngest daughter in marriage. He took her along and went home. His father and mother were living in a small hut. A small fire was burning in this house. A small tea kettle was bubbling over the fire. His parents were full of joy, but he only knit his brows and said nothing. The same day he went back to his father-in-law, who was much better off than his own people. He slept there. In the morning he went out and called aloud, "Kundirik, Kundirik! let my father and mother come over here!" And there they were. After a while his father-in-law also went out and

saw the new house. "Ah, ah!" said he, "some new people have come here, together with their house." The end.

Told by Barbara Karyakin, a Russian creole woman, at Marinsky Post, the Anadyr country, fall of 1900.

13. A MARKOVA TALE.

The people of a village began to vanish, and nobody knew what happened to them. There was a shaman. He traveled through that country and came to the village. The people were quite sad and sorrowful. "What is the matter with you?" — "We do not know. Every night somebody vanished. We have tried to watch, but cannot discover anybody." — "Oh, is that so? Let me try to keep watch over you." Evening came, and it was time to go to sleep. The people were hiding in boxes and bags. "Oh, have no fear! I shall keep a vigilant watch over you." He took a sword and waited in the darkness. The people snored soundly, partly freed from their fear. All at once a black dog glided noiselessly in through the window and seized a workman, a fellow-traveler of the shaman. He struck the dog with his sword. The dog had torn off the man's one arm with the shoulder blade, and the shaman cut off the corresponding limb of the dog. In the hurry of the moment, the shaman took the limb of the dog and applied it to the body of the man, and it stuck to his body.

In the morning he saw that the new arm was not the leg of a dog, but a woman's arm, white of skin and with rings on the fingers. "Ah!" said the shaman, "let me try to find that dog." He went out and followed the bloody tracks. They led to the house of the chief of the village close to the church. It was the house of the parish priest. The shaman entered, and saluted the priest with civility. The priest looked sad, "Ah, my friend! please sit down! I am not able to treat you as is becoming. My wife is sick." — "Ah, is that so! And what is the cause of her suffering?" — "We do not know. She is alone in her room and does not want us to enter. All we know is that she is not well. Please do help her if you can!" The shaman went to the room of the patient. The entrance was locked; he said nothing and suddenly broke the door and entered.

The woman was lying on the bed well wrapped up in a thick blanket. He pulled that off, and she lay before them quite naked. Her right arm was gone, along with the shoulder blade. Close to her side lay the bloody arm of a man, which would not stick to her body. "Ah, here you are!" said the shaman. "Reverend father, it is your wife who destroyed half of the village. Had it not been for me, she would have taken you also." — "Ah, ah!"

exclaimed the priest, "Mother what is the matter with you. Now, I understand it. She would give me of her enchanted drink, so that I slept throughout the night like one dead, and she would steal away in the darkness." So they took her and tore her in two.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, winter of 1900.

14. STORY OF A STEPMOTHER AND HER STEPDAUGHTERS.

There was an old man and his wife. The old woman died leaving a single daughter. The old man sought another wife, and married a widow, who had a daughter of her own. This widow was a Yagha-Witch. The stepmother had a violent dislike for her stepdaughter. She used to strike her hard and gave her nothing to eat. One day she sent her to the water-hole to wash some old nets.¹ While the girl was washing it the swift current carried it away. She cried bitterly. Then she looked down the water-hole and saw a road. She descended and came to the lower world. She walked and walked, and then saw a horse stable. Several horses stood in it, and the place was quite unclean. So she cleaned it well, plucked some grass from under the snow among the tussocks, and brought it in for fresh litter. Then she continued on her way.

After a while she saw a cow barn. Several cows stood there. The barn was more filthy than the preceding one. She cleaned it well, and brought in some grass for fresh litter. Then she milked the cows and went away. After some time she came to a little house. It was so dirty that the rubbish covered the sill. She entered and cleaned the house. Then she made a fire and sat down on the bed. Sitting thus alone, she cried bitterly. All at once a noise was heard outside, and the shuffling of old feet clad in bristle-soled boots.² There entered a small old woman. "Ah, my dear! whence do you come?" — "I have no mother. The Yagha-Witch was very hard on me. She sent me to the water-hole to wash an old net, and the current of water carried it off. So I thought, 'She will surely kill me. I may as well descend to the lower world of my own free will?'" — "All right!" said the old woman, "you may pass this night in my house; and in the morning I will give you a net to make good your loss."

In the morning the old woman gave her a net made of pure silver and

¹ Old nets are used in the households of the Russian and the Russianized natives instead of towels and napkins.— W. B.

² Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee", 239.— W. B.

also a small box with an iron cover. She said to the girl, "Give this net to the Yagha-Witch. She will thank you for it ever so much. You must keep the box for yourself. Everytime you feel hungry, you may call your father. Then open that box unseen by your stepmother. The box will give you food and drink." She took the presents and went home. She gave the silver net to the Yagha-Witch. Oh, the witch was so glad! She called her own daughter and gave her a piece of a new net, quite clean and white. Then she said, "Go to the water-hole. Perhaps they will give you something too."

The daughter of the Yagha-Witch came to the water-hole. She washed the net. The current carried it off. She looked down the water-hole and saw a road. She followed it and came to the lower world. After some time she saw the horse stable. Several horses stood in it, and the place was unclean. The girl grumbled, "Oh, what a filthy place!" and passed by. Then she saw a cow barn. Several cows stood in it, and the place was dirtier than the preceding one. She passed by with much aversion. After that she came to the little house. It was so full of dirt that the rubbish covered the sill. "Oh, what awful dirt!" said the girl. She entered, however, and she sat on the bed in the cold and among the heap of rubbish, singing lustily. The old woman came in, and asked, "Oh, my dear! where do you come from?" — "My mother sent me to wash a net, and the current carried it away. I looked down the water-hole and saw a road. I followed that road and came here." The old woman gave her a net, the very same she had dropped into the water-hole, and also a large box with a cover of larch wood. She warned her also, "Be sure not to open this box in the presence of anyone! You must open it only when you and your own mother are together." The girl went back and came out of the water place. "Mother," she called to the Yagha-Witch, "I have a box, ever so large." — "Do not open it, will you?" said the mother. They took the box and hid beneath a bush. Then she opened the lid. A flame came out and burnt them both. So they were destroyed. The old man and his daughter left that place and departed for the under world. They came to the old woman. The old man married her, and they all three lived together. The end.¹

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, winter of 1900.

¹ See Bolte und Polivka, vol. 1, 207.

15. STORY OF MAGUS.¹

There was a man, Magus by name. He had four sons. One of them had legs of grass, another a head of bladder, the third a brisket of leaves, the fourth a voice of hair. Magus said to his sons, "Children! let us go and hunt elks!" They killed a big elk and carried it home. Magus said to the elder sons, "You, Legs-of-Grass! and you, Head-of-Bladder! — go and bring some water from the river." They went to the river and put the water tub near the water-hole; but they were so slow in filling it with water, that it was frozen to the moist ice. They tugged at it, but could not move it. Then Legs-of-Grass kicked it with his foot. He broke both of his legs and was dead. Head-of-Bladder was much troubled, and scratched his head. His nails cut through the bladder, and he dropped down dead. The other ones waited and waited, but nobody came: so they went to the river, and found the two dead. "Ah!" said their father, "let us arrange their funeral! We will cook a funeral meal. Brisket-of-Leaves go and bring the elk's brisket from the drying-poles." He wanted to take it down, but it slipped from his hands and fell down upon his own brisket and smashed it. He also dropped down dead. "Ah, woe! what is to be done?" — "Now, you must go, Voice-of-Hair, and fetch that brisket." Voice-of-Hair brought it and cooked it; but when he was tasting the meat, his throat of hair burst open, and he died. So Magus remained alone.

"Now, I will depart from here. I will go traveling." He walked on for several days and came to Kosetóka.² The evil spirit was not at home: only his children were there. He killed them all, and cut off their heads. Then he spread a large blanket, and set the heads close to it, in a row. It looked as if they were asleep side by side under the blanket. He also took a large bag and filled it with their meat and bones. He wrapped the bag in his own overcoat, and attached his cap to one end of it. Kosetóka went home carrying some human carrion as food for his children. "Ah!" said he, "they waited so long that they have fallen asleep." He made a fire and cooked the meat; but when he tugged at the blanket, the heads rolled off and out of the house. Kosetóka was wild with anger. "Who has done this?" He looked about and saw the bag. "Ah! it was you, Magus! it was you!" He rushed at the bag and trampled it down with his heavy feet. All the bones broke, and the blood of the children spurted through the holes. "I have killed you!" shouted the spirit; but from underground a voice answered, "I am here." It was Magus, who had found the under-

¹ See p. 131.² Cf. No. 3, p. 127. — W. B.

ground storehouse and entered it, blocking the entrance behind him. "Ah! where are you?" — "I am here." The spirit ran out of the house and back again. The entrance was blocked; but he found a round hole, and tried to squeeze himself through it. His body was tightly wedged in and could move neither forward nor backward. Magus said, "O hole! you are round and tight, turn now into a circular knife and cut Kosetóka in halves." And thus it happened. He took everything he found, and went home.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, winter of 1900.

16. STORY OF GEGE-WOMAN.¹

There was an old man and his wife. They had three sons. The old man said to his sons, "Listen, my children! Do not climb the roof, do not climb to the upper beam." The next morning the elder son climbed to the roof and mounted the upper beam. He saw from there, on the seashore, that a young woman was catching fish with her own breeches. He descended and went to the shore. Gege-Woman was there catching fish with her breeches. "Ah, you have come!" — "Yes, I have." — "Do you want to take me for your wife? If so, I will cook some food for you." — "All right!" They went home. Gege-Woman cooked some fish, and offered it to her future husband; but he pushed it off, and the fish fell to the ground. "Who wants to eat of your nasty fish, Breeches-Caught?" He left the house; but Gege-Woman followed him, and called aloud, "Gege, wolves, gege, bears, gege, wolverines, poz, poz, poz!"² So the wolves, the bears, and the wolverines came and devoured him. The old man had lost the first son.

The second son, mounted the roof, and saw Gege-Woman catching fish with her breeches. He went the same way, and came to the shore. "O young man! take me for your wife. If you are willing, I will cook some food for you." — "All right!" They went home, and she cooked some fish and offered it to her visitor; but he pushed it off. "Who wants to eat of your nasty fish, Breeches-Caught?" He left the house; but she followed him, and called aloud, "Gege, bears, gege, wolves, gege, wolverines, poz, poz, poz!" Bears, wolves and wolverines came and devoured him. The old man had lost his second son.

The third and the youngest son mounted the roof, and saw Gege-Woman.

¹ In Russian, *Перейка Баба* which probably means "woman who cried 'gege, gege'!" — W. B.

² One of the calls addressed to the dog-team (Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 111).

He went to the seashore. "O young man! take me for your wife. I will cook some food for you." "All right!" He ate of the food. So they lived together. She forbade the bears and the wolves to devour the young man. Meanwhile the old man built a number of deadfalls and other traps. He caught all the bears and wolves and wolverines one by one. Then he said to his boy, "You may go away. There is nobody left to destroy you." That very night he fled from there. Gege-Woman followed him. He saw a small stream of smoke coming out of the ground, and plunged down. It was the underground house of Haihai-Woman.¹ "Oh, oh! give me back my husband!" "I will not. He shall be mine." So the two women fought and killed each other. He went out, and fled to his parents' house. They visited the houses of the dead woman, and took everything there was. So they grew rich. That is all.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, winter of 1900.

17. STORY OF HERETICS WITH IRON TEETH.²

There were three brothers who were married to three sisters. The oldest brother was married to the eldest sister, the middle brother to the middle sister, and the youngest brother to the youngest sister. When fall came, they set off to examine their deadfalls. Their wives and children stayed alone in their settlement.

The eldest sister had three children, the middle sister, had only one, and the youngest, none at all. One day the middle sister, who had been outside, came back saying, "Our husbands are coming home." The other said, "Why, it is too early. You are mistaken." She ran out again, and instantly came back: "Our husbands are coming home." So the others were quite angry. "Stop talking! Nobody is coming. It is sinful to talk such nonsense." But she would not obey, and repeated the same thing. In the evening, after sunset, they heard the rattling of runners and the yelping of dogs. Sleigh-bells jingled merrily, and voices rang with laughter. Their husbands were coming back from the forest. Oh, they felt quite joyful, and busied themselves getting supper ready. The eldest sister prepared tea for them; the middle sister brought in plenty of meat, and cooked the meal; the youngest sister had nothing particular to do. She looked at them from the sleeping compartment through a chink in the

¹ In Russian Гайгайка Баба "woman crying 'hai, hai!'"—W. B.

² Cf. p. 69.—W. B.

partition. All at once she noticed that the teeth of the men were quite black. She was astonished, and said to the middle sister, "Ah! sister dear, why is it that our husbands have such black teeth?"—"Oh, don't!" retorted the other one. "They are our own husbands. What can we say about their teeth. Maybe they have eaten some blackberries in the forest."—"It is cold weather now. There are no blackberries."—"Perhaps you gave them burnt meat."—"It is you who gave them meat, and it was juicy and not burnt."—"Or perhaps it is because they have iron teeth." At this time, the teeth of the men were half a foot long. They protruded from their mouths, sharp-edged, and bright like so many daggers. The youngest sister rushed out of the house. "Catch her, catch her!" cried the middle sister, but she was gone. She ran through the dense forest straight on, like a frightened doe; and in the end when she could run no more, she stopped at a small opening and started a fire. She found the stump of a tree that was similar to her in bulk and size. She cut it off and put it near the fire. She took off her clothes and wrapped them around the stump. She also put her cap on it. Then she took a stake as strong as a spear shaft and burnt its point in the fire until it became hard and sharp. With this wooden spear she concealed herself behind a bush. Oh! a noise was heard in the forest, a gnashing of teeth, and cracking of branches, which snapped off and fell down. It was the heretic coming in pursuit of her. He rushed toward the fire, and with his terrible jaws he instantly seized the stump about the middle. His iron teeth stuck in the wood and he could not disengage himself. The woman sprang from the bush and stabbed him from behind with her wooden lance. The burnt point entered his anus and came out at the mouth. He was there like a fish on a roasting rod. She ran the other end of the stake deep into the ground, and left him there. She was afraid to return home, and went to another settlement not far away. When she had told her story the men took their spears and axes and went in search of the monsters. When they came to the house, the heretics had gone. The women and children had also gone. They looked for the bones, supposing that the monsters might have eaten the people, but they found nothing: It is not known what they did to their captives. Perhaps they carried the women away and married them. The real husbands of the women came home after a week, but their house was empty. The end.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, winter of 1900.

18. STORY OF THE FOX AND THE WOLF.¹

The man pursued Fox with dogs, but Fox succeeded in plunging into the nest of a polar owl.² The man chopped at the trunk with his heavy ax. "O gossip! I want to fly out." — "Ah, gossip! do as if you have too; but before doing so please pass water upon my neck," said the Fox. Owl passed water upon Fox's neck. When the man caught Fox by the neck, she slipped out of his fingers and ran off. The dogs followed her. She ran to and fro, until she was tired. Then she called to Owl, "O gossip! teach me how to fly." — "All right! Sit down on my back!" The owl alighted and carried off Fox. They flew up high into the air. "Oh dear!" said Fox. "I know how to fly, but I do not know how to alight." Owl pretended to throw her down. "O Lord! let it be upon the moss! O God! let it be upon a soft place!" Owl threw her down and Fox was killed.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman. Recorded by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, winter of 1900.

¹ This is the usual Old World story telling how Fox pretended to fish through a hole in the ice, and then tempted Wolf to do the same: wolf lost his tail in the ice.

Fox feigned death, and was picked up by a passing farmer, etc. I give here only an episode which seems of local character. — W. B.

² Some of the nests of these large owls are said to be placed within hollow trunks of trees, or among piles of driftwood which are found at certain places all along the arctic coast. (Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 97.) — W. B.

(Continued from 2d p. of cover.)

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